

## **Eight Uncles 831**

### [Chapter 831 The Mysterious Boy](#)

The head glided toward Drake's classroom, its ethereal presence outside the window captivating the attention of the students. After observing for a prolonged period, the motionless eyes shifted slightly, and it entered the room.

"This... doesn't seem right."

"This... isn't working either."

A shiver ran through the minds of the students, leaving them unsettled.

"Strange, did they crank up the air conditioner? I feel so cold."

"Yeah, now that you mention it, I thought I was the only one feeling cold!"

During the self-study session, someone decided to investigate further. "The temperature of the air conditioner seems normal," they reported.

Turning to his deskmate, Drake, the student asked, "Drake, do you feel cold?"

Drake sat upright and replied, "Nope."

In truth, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end as if he were being watched!

Was the head behind him?

Drake folded his hands, assuming the appearance of an attentive student engrossed in his book. Unbeknownst to others, his left hand discreetly clasped the protective bracelet on his right wrist.

The head did not linger in Drake's classroom for long. After unsuccessful attempts, it drifted away to another classroom.

In that classroom, a girl sat near the window, wearing a somewhat forlorn expression. It was the same girl who had sent Drake a love letter.

The head fixed its gaze upon her, attempting to attach to her. Astonishingly, it placed its head upon hers!

The girl, lost in her thoughts, suddenly experienced a numbing sensation in her head. She abruptly stood up, devoid of expression, and walked out of the classroom.

Everyone in the class was left dumbfounded.

"Selen, where are you going?" someone called after her.

Selen continued walking outside, she could not hear anything.

While engrossed in his book, Drake suddenly felt a piercing gaze fixed upon him from outside the window. Raising his eyes, he locked gazes with the girl from the neighboring class. Her unwavering stare carried an inexplicable chill.

Drake's heartbeat quickened, and he squinted slightly in response.

However, the girl's visit was brief, as she proceeded to the next class.

Josh had a similar encounter. Initially relieved that he could not see the head anymore, he looked up only to find the girl from the bus standing outside the corridor, directing her intense gaze at him.

Josh saw the head resting upon the girl's shoulders. She appeared to be a nine or ten-year-old, holding the head of an adult. The sight was eerie no matter how one looked at it.

Josh couldn't help but wonder, why was she always fixated on him.

Fortunately, a teacher noticed the girl and instructed her to return to the classroom. When she resisted, the teacher attempted to pull her back.

To everyone's astonishment, the girl exhibited surprising strength, resisting the teacher's efforts and emitting a horrific cry.

This commotion attracted the attention of those inside the classroom, prompting them to crowd around the windows. Even students who could not find a spot to observe joined the gathering, bewildered by the scene.

"Isn't she Selen? What's happening??" someone whispered in disbelief.

A boy emerged from behind the crowd, ascending the stairs. He was relatively tall, seemingly a sixth-grade student. Positioned among the onlookers, he looked at Selen intently.

The boy glanced down at the spinning object in the palm of his hand. If Josh had noticed it, he would have recognized it as his spirit compass.

A faint light emanated from the boy's hand as he held onto it tightly before turning and departing.

"It's just a woeful ghost... not worth my attention," he whispered. "Ivan, where has that kid gone..."

In the end, Selen was taken away, and Josh remained restless throughout the afternoon, unaware of her

whereabouts.

Meanwhile, in the Task Force's Dissection Room...

A dissecting table displayed a human head.

The head was drenched in blood, the eyes wide open and lifeless. It was a gruesome sight, but no other signs of decay were evident.

The case investigators were perplexed.

"Any progress?" inquired one.

The other shook his head. "Not yet! This stretch of railway has four tracks with over a hundred trains passing through..."

"Based on the direction the head rolled, it appears to have come from a train traveling downward. We've examined more than 50 trains in that direction, but we haven't found any leads."

The man who appeared to be in charge furrowed his brow. "No, considering the level of decomposition, it seems that the person has been dead for at least seven days. This suggests that they couldn't have been killed on the train."

"In other words, someone brought this head onto the train."

However, that seemed implausible.

Presently, every station required thorough security checks upon entry. Carrying a head through the security check without detection would be impossible.

"Continue the investigation," the leader commanded.

"Yes!" responded the team, determined to uncover more clues.

...

Lilly happily clutched her small schoolbag and sat on the stone pier by the school gate as she usually did.

To her surprise, she looked up and saw her three brothers waiting for her at the entrance.

Beside her sat a girl who appeared to be in the upper grade. Observing that Lilly was waiting alone, she asked, "Don't you have anyone to pick you up? I have my brother!"

Lilly responded bluntly, "My brothers are picking me up too."

The little girl seemed dissatisfied and retorted, "My brother is in sixth grade, and he's very tall! He'll beat you."

Lilly glanced at her dismissively, saying, "I have three older brothers. If you dare to lay a finger on me, my three brothers will give you a taste of your own medicine."

The little girl's expression suddenly crumbled, and she burst into tears.

Lilly was taken aback. "What's wrong?" Drake and the others hurriedly approached upon seeing Lilly's distressed expression.

They had a sense of security once they saw their sister.

Josh asked, concerned, "Why is she crying?"

Lilly shook her head. "I don't know. She said that her brother would beat me up, so I told her that my three brothers would beat her up if she did that too, and then she started crying."

Just then, a boy taller than the average elementary school student approached, his brows furrowed. "Who made you cry?" he demanded.

The little girl pointed at Lilly and sobbed, "It was her! She said her three older brothers would beat me up!"

Lilly, momentarily disregarding the little girl, stared intently at the tall boy in front of her.

Wait, who is this guy?

Why did she sense the presence of Ivan from him?

With a guarded expression, Lilly blurted out, "What did you do to Ivan?"

The tall boy narrowed his eyes...

### [Chapter 832 Alban Knox](#)

Lilly glared at the tall boy in front of her, her anger simmering beneath the surface.

Although she did not know the details, she had a feeling that something was amiss with Ivan.

And this big boy in front of her seemed to be involved.

Alban locked eyes with Lilly, his gaze carrying a dangerous intensity. "What's your relationship with Ivan?" he demanded.

Lilly fought to suppress the anger welling up inside her. Her father had always taught her not to judge someone as good or bad before knowing the truth. What if she was mistaken?

Lilly could not shake off the feeling that something had happened to Ivan. The last time she saw Ivan, he told her to tell Mr. Shaw that he would return later. Deep down, she believed that Ivan would come back.

Pursing her lips, Lilly maintained her unwavering gaze at the tall boy and replied, "He's my brother's friend, and he's also my friend!"

Alban's expression turned cold. He picked up Tia's schoolbag and said icily, "Then we have nothing more to say"

Initially, he had thought that this little girl might be of the same kind, and he intended to approach her. However, if she was associated with someone like Ivan, there was no need to have any further interaction.

Alban scooped up the Tia, who was weeping, and began to walk away.

But Drake, Josh, and Zachary swiftly positioned themselves, blocking his path.

Alban's eyes turned frigid.

The teacher by the gate stood there, dumbfounded. Just a moment ago, two kindergarten children had gotten into a dispute over whose older brother was stronger. They would not fight, could they?

Another teacher rushed over, trying to defuse the situation. "Kids, let's not fight. We're all friends here..."

Alban scoffed disdainfully. "Friends with them? I think not."

Anxiety gnawed at Lilly's heart, leaving her with no choice but to persist in her questioning. "What happened to Ivan? What happened to Ivan?" she repeated, her voice trembling.

Alban's gaze hardened with disgust as he looked at Lilly. "You truly are of the same kind. So self-righteous. Did you see it with your own eyes? Or did something happen and you just assumed I was involved with Ivan?"

Josh interjected, "Why shouldn't we? We're not being self-righteous. If you want us to understand, you need to explain what happened first!"

At that moment, they forgot about the floating head. Their younger sister's implication was clear—something happened to Ivan, and it somehow involved this boy.

Unable to ignore their persistence, Alban responded coldly, "As we were passing through the abyss, I kicked him down."

Lilly's heart sank.

"Why would you do such a thing?" she demanded.

Ignoring Drake and the others who were blocking his way, Alban held Tia tightly and continued walking, refusing to answer Lilly's question.

Among the three boys, only Drake stood at a similar height to Alban. Yet, standing before them, Alban felt as if he were facing a group of children.

Alban bumped into Josh, causing him to be sent flying inexplicably. Nothing seemed to stop him.

"Josh!" Lilly quickly helped Josh up, noticing that his elbow was bleeding.

However, with impatience clouding her mind, she did not have time to dwell on it. She applied a soul flower petal to Josh's arm.

Then, without hesitation, she chased after Alban.

The moment Alban caught sight of the soul flower petals, he came to an abrupt halt. His eyes fixated on the petals in astonishment.

"You were able to get soul flower petals?!" His calm and indifferent demeanor finally showed a trace of surprise as he looked at Lilly once again.

Lilly didn't provide an answer. Instead, she fired back with her question, "What did you do to Ivan? Where is he now, and did he come back later?"

Perhaps it was the sight of the soul flower that he finally responded, "I met Ivan in the Ghost Abyss. We were both being pursued by spirits. There was only one opportunity to escape when we were climbing up, so I kicked Ivan down."

He spoke naturally, as if killing someone was a common and trivial matter to him.

Although he was a villain, he did not bother to hide it.

Lilly's eyes instantly welled up with tears, anger rising within her for no apparent reason. "You... you killed Ivan just to save yourself?"

Alban looked at her mockingly. "What else would you expect? Did you think I would sacrifice myself for

Ivan's sake? I'm not that virtuous."

"There was only one chance to survive, and I believe that if I had been one step behind, he would have kicked me down."

Did she think it was a child's playhouse? Asking such a foolish question.

Lilly's heart turned cold, a mixture of anxiety and anger consuming her. "Ivan would never do that! I didn't say you couldn't save yourself, but you didn't have to kick him down."

If he had been one step behind, it was understandable for him to prioritize himself. She had no intention of letting him sacrifice his chance of survival for Ivan.

But did he have to be so evil and kick Ivan down?

If he wanted to run ahead, then run ahead. Why resort to such actions?

Alban understood her point, but he remained indifferent.

"That's because you didn't understand the situation! The anomaly in the abyss was coming up. By kicking him down, I bought myself more time, and what if he caught up with me?"

What if Ivan caught up, surpassed him, and took away his only chance of survival?

If he had not kicked Ivan down, that thing would have killed them both.

Everyone knew how to choose between death and a chance at survival.

He was right.

When it came to one's own life, who would not do everything in their power to survive?

### [Chapter 833 Enemies](#)

Alban, the villain with an unapologetic demeanor, did not bother to hide his true nature.

Lilly seethed with anger at his audacity.

Her fists clenched tightly as she shouted, "You... you bad guy!"

Alban let out a sigh and responded mockingly, "Of course, you wouldn't care if the matter didn't concern you."

Judging by the way she looked at him, she saw him as a villain.

But it did not matter. In his eyes, those who were associated with Ivan were also villains.

He lived with a broad mindset, doing what he had to do to ensure his survival.

From Ivan's perspective, it was only natural for this little girl to view him as a bad person.

But what about from his perspective?

They were the bad guys too.

He was merely fighting for his own life, and yet they accused him.

Alban's face remained expressionless. Initially, he had wanted to ask her about the soul flower, but then he realized... they were his enemies, so there was no point in asking.

They would never tell him.

"I shared this with you so that you'd know the truth, so don't hold a grudge against me."

"I generally don't go out of my way to provoke others. If you don't plot against me, I won't plot against you. You go your way, and I'll go mine."

After his statement, Alban turned and walked away once again.

If he were to reveal the truth to them, they would still blame him for it.

They were quite self-centered.

Even if they crossed paths again in the future, he would not feel any burden in striking against them.

Suddenly, Lilly grabbed his arm, gritting her teeth as she asked, "Where is Ghost Abyss?"

If possible, she genuinely wanted to tear him apart.

However...

Alban gazed at her coldly and demanded, "Let go!"

Tia forcefully kicked the back of Lilly's hand and exclaimed, "My brother told you to let go, so let him go!"

Hmph, she had just boasted about her amazing brother.

It was her brother who had emerged victorious!



How dare she hold onto her brother? She deserved to be kicked!

Lilly's hand turned red from the impact, leaving her no choice but to release her grip.

Alban held Tia tightly, his face still icy, and his thoughts unclear.

Tia clung to his neck and asked cheerfully, "Alban, are we walking home today again?"

Alban snapped back to reality and responded with a grunt, "Have you been a good girl in Kindergarten, Tia?"

Tia nodded, saying, "Yes, I've been good! Alban, when are we going to buy a car? I want to go home in a car so that you don't have to carry me."

Alban cracked a smile and replied, "Why? Don't you want me to carry you?"

Tia pouted, saying, "Because you'll get tired, but if we have a car, you won't get tired anymore."

Alban gently patted her head, soothing her, "I'll buy a car when I grow up. Right now, I'm not old enough to get a driver's license."

Tia questioned, "What's a driver's license?"

As they walked, Alban answered her question in a soft voice.

Tia continued to ask numerous questions, and Alban, who had been indifferent towards Lilly, patiently answered each one.

They walked for quite some time before finally arriving home. Alban was now covered in a thin layer of sweat.

Their family consisted only of themselves, and the house was fairly small, featuring two bedrooms and one living room.

While Tia was playing in the living room, Alban entered the kitchen to prepare a meal for her.

They had no parents.

Alban, now 12 years old, had lost his parents when he was just over 6 years old, and his sister was an infant at the time.

The siblings relied on each other for survival, with Alban taking on the responsibility of raising Tia single-handedly.

Alban needed to stay alive, as there would be no one else to care for his sister if something were to happen to him.

The thought of Tia being sent to an orphanage or being left to wander alone was too unbearable for him to even consider.

Alban and his younger sister resided in this small town, occasionally venturing to Waleng Mountain for training.

Alban possessed a special ability, which he relied upon to earn money and sustain their livelihood.

Lilly silently observed as Alban carried his sister in his arms and departed, remaining silent for a long time.

Josh had already stepped forward, raising her hand to inspect the redness resulting from being kicked, expressing her sympathy. He could not help but say, "Lils, does it hurt? That child is truly repulsive!"

Lilly remained quiet, but instead posed a question, "Josh, do you think we're evil from their point of view?"

Ever since she realized that perspectives on the world were subjective, Lilly no longer easily passed judgment on whether someone was good or bad, or whether a ghost was benevolent or malevolent.

People were individually perceived in this world. To her, the older boy was detestable, yet to Tia, he was likely the most wonderful person in existence.

Lilly's heart was burdened, but she also worried about Ivan.

Her strength was insufficient to venture back into the underworld. Originally, she had planned to train with King Libra and then proceed to do so when she had grown stronger.

However, the current situation posed a dilemma. What should they do now?

To go or not to go?

If Anthony, Gilbert, or Bettany were in danger, Lilly would undoubtedly rush to their rescue without hesitation.

With this thought in mind, Lilly had a sudden realization. She grabbed Josh and exclaimed, "Come on, let's go home!"

As they arrived at the entrance of the community, Lilly accidentally ran into Blake, who was driving back.

"Lilly?"

Observing the troubled expression on Lilly's face, Blake immediately got out of the car.

"What's wrong?"

Having just returned from Apex Mountain, Colton, and his team were still undergoing training at the Lake of Confusion.

Lilly inquired, "Father, does Uncle Shaw know that Ivan has gone down?"

Blake nodded, saying, "Yes, I informed him the day you returned and shared the news with me."

Lilly felt a sense of worry and continued, "Daddy, Ivan has fallen into the abyss, and I don't know what to do now."

Blake quickly embraced her and said, "First, calm down, and let's discuss it carefully."

"Remember, no matter what happens, the first thing is to have a calm mind," he reassured her.

Gradually regaining her composure, Lilly spoke, "Today, we encountered a tall boy who went to the same school as Drake..."

Drake interjected, "His name is Alban, I just found out."

### [Chapter 834 Being Pitiful Doesn't Mean They're Right](#)

Today's elementary school students are different from those in the past. Some of them even had mobile phones and use Messenger to communicate. They formed group chats as well.

When Lilly asked about Alban, Drake took a picture. Alban was aware of being photographed, but he showed no fear of being investigated.

Earlier in the group chat, Drake asked about Alban's identity. He briefly explained, "Alban is 12 years old and in the sixth grade. He is an orphan living with his sister."

Lilly continued, "Alban said that he met Ivan when he was at Ghost Abyss. They were being pursued by ghosts, and when they were trying to escape, Alban kicked Ivan down..."

Josh nodded, saying, "We asked him very clearly. He said it was the only chance of survival, and only one of them could survive. Alban claimed that kicking Ivan down would give him time to escape since there was only one chance to survive, and he was afraid Ivan would kill Alban if he caught up."

Lilly immediately brought up the dilemma in her heart, asking her father, "Daddy, was he right for doing

so?"

Alban argued that he did what was necessary to survive, but Lilly accused him of harming Ivan and acting selfishly.

Alban insisted that everyone was looking at things from a different perspective and that no one had the right to judge his actions.

Lilly always felt that something was wrong, but she could not pinpoint exactly what it was.

Blake's expression turned stern as he analyzed the situation, stating, "Regardless of the point of view, it is understandable to prioritize one's own life."

"However, it is wrong to sacrifice others to buy time for oneself to survive."

"If you have the capability, you should rely on your abilities to survive, rather than exchanging someone else's life for a few extra seconds. What's the difference between that and causing harm to others?"

"He also tried to justify his actions by saying that the same would have happened if it were Ivan... He was twisting the concept by playing with opposites."

It does sound grandiose...

In other words, he didn't consider it as twisting the concept at all.

He was straightforward about it because he genuinely believed so.

It was also possible that being a 12-year-old child, he wanted to survive, and his conscience did not allow him to admit that he acted shamelessly.

So, he found excuses to ease his conscience.

Additionally, having only one younger sister, he had a strong reason to live and would not hesitate to do anything to survive. It was normal to have such a personality and mindset.

"However, Lilly, remember this, being desperate or pitiful doesn't mean they're right."

The people and ghosts Lilly encountered along the way were often pitiful.

Pitiful people might get sympathy and forgiveness from others.

However, if she were in the underworld, sitting on the throne, and was responsible for judging numerous lives and deaths, she could not rely solely on pity to determine right from wrong.

Lilly understood, nodding and saying, "I understand now, thank you, Daddy!"

Blake playfully pinched her nose and asked, "No need to thank me! What do you plan to do now?"

Lilly pondered the question seriously and replied, "First, I'll take Grandpa home, and then I'll go to the underworld to investigate it."

She added, "I'll start from Gray Earth and find out where Ghost Abyss is."

Otherwise, if she wasted time searching where Ghost Abyss was, the King of Cities might find her before she was able to locate Ghost Abyss.

So, it was best to gather information before setting off.

She would go to Gray Earth to find information about the place.

The cats in Gray Earth were under her care.

Even though she had not officially become the true Ruler of Hell yet... it should not be a problem to keep cats, right?

Blake inquired, "How do you plan to gather information then?"

Lilly thought of the situation deeply and nodded confidently, saying, "Well, Daddy, I'm going to pet the cats!"

A smile twinkled in Blake's eyes.

He had taught her to be kind but not to be a saint.

He had taught her to follow rules but not to be rigid.

He had taught her to make decisive choices, but not at the expense of her conscience.

"Petting the cat is a good idea!" Blake expressed his approval.

In the evening, they brought Hugh back home.

Instead of immersing him in the water from the ice pond at the hospital, which could worsen his head injury and internal bleeding, they used a soulflower.

Upon returning, Lilly instructed Bettany to prepare water from the ice pond for Hugh.

Bettany was taken aback and asked, "Why should he immerse his head upside down in a water basin?"

Lilly's initial thought was that since the old man had a head injury, the first reaction should be to soak his head. However, immersing the entire head would prevent him from breathing, so she considered soaking only the upper part of his head since that's where the injury was.

Bettany was puzzled and replied, "Won't the blood flow back when the head is immersed upside down?"

Both Lilly and the old woman were now picturing Hugh washing his hair upside down.

"Um...then, maybe insert halfway upside down with two nostrils facing up?" Lilly suggested, feeling bewildered by the question.

Bettany was left speechless, wondering if blood would indeed flow back in such a scenario.

A mental image of Hugh with his head inserted halfway upside down flashed in their minds.

"Um... Grandpa has just been discharged from the hospital, so I don't think he can do that," Lilly realized.

Lisa nodded in agreement, stating seriously, "Tie him upside down instead of standing upside down. It won't require much effort."

Anthony and Blake exchanged bewildered glances.

Hugh's face was wrinkled and expressed his "gratitude" to them.

"Can't I just lie down?" Hugh said speechlessly, "I'll lie down and immerse my head halfway, okay?"

Both Lilly and Bettany seemed to have just realized and reacted, saying in unison, "Oh...yes, yes, his nostrils will be exposed!"

Everyone present exchanged a bewildered look.

As they prepared to leave home again, Lilly could not help but feel a sense of emptiness in her heart.

She could not pinpoint the exact feeling, but she simply wanted to stay by Grandma's side for a little longer.

Grandma had the warmth of a mother.

"What are you doing, Grandma?" Lilly snuggled into Bettany's arms and asked, "Grandma hasn't danced in a while."

Bettany was watching an old video on her mobile phone.

It had been a long time since she last updated her videos, and many people had been asking about Bettany's recent activities.

"Many people care about Grandma," Lilly remarked, looking after her.

Bettany was surprised and said, "Lilly knows so many words now!"

Lilly replied, "That's right! Drake taught me."

Drake, who entered the room quietly, had his usual expression on his face, but there was a sense that he was drifting away.

"You have 78,000 fans, Grandma! Grandma, you're amazing!"

After asking Jonas about what fans were, Jonas explained that fans are people who like you.

In other words, in this world where nobody knows each other, 78,000 people liked Grandma.

Lilly felt incredibly happy.

Bettany joyfully added, "79,000 is not a lot."

Hugh sneered from the side, "Your Grandma is old, and yet, she still wants to be an influencer."

Bettany quickly grabbed a pillow and threw it at Hugh, making sure not to hit his face but lightly striking his arms.

Lilly chuckled and replied, "Grandpa, having 79,000 fans is already very impressive. I know a really strong sister named Cute Warrior, and she only has 700 fans."

The account was called Cute Warrior.

It was no one in particular.

She was always teased by her colleagues.

She's not as popular as Grandma!

Hugh and Bettany exchanged puzzled glances.

Who was this Cute Warrior?

## [Chapter 835 Giving Myself a Random Username](#)

Before leaving home, Lilly wanted to leave something beneficial for her family. She decided to move the large vase that was originally placed in front of the door to the living room. The vase was as big as a water tank and served as a decorative item for good fortune.

Lilly carefully positioned the vase in a corner of the living room where it would not be easily bumped into. Then she filled it with water from the ice pond. In the hidden valleys of the palace of the Ruler of Hell, there were four soul flowers, which Lilly had freshly picked. She placed these four flowers into the vase. The petals of the soul flowers were long, large, and layered, possessing the elegance and grandeur of peonies, as well as the grace and purity of magnolias.

In the spacious living room, the large vase of flowers looked perfect. Bettany could not help but exclaim, "It's beautiful!"

Bettany thought of taking a picture and posting it online, with the caption, "I'm doing well, thank you for your concern." But then Bettany suddenly had concerns. This was no ordinary flower, and if someone asked about it or coveted it, it could cause a problem.

Bettany quickly deleted the photo, removing all traces from her phone's album. Meanwhile, Lilly instructed her grandparents, "Grandpa and Grandma, remember to eat one petal every day and soak in the water from the ice pond!"

Although Lilly had soaked herself in the water, she felt that it was better for her grandparents to soak in them directly.

Lilly planned to bring more fresh soul flowers from the underworld when she descended. These soul flowers nourished the soul and would help her grandparents feel energized. The water from the ice pond had its benefits, nourishing their bodies and promoting their overall health and strength.

In the long run, it would not be a problem for her Grandma and Grandpa to complete a full marathon spanning 25 miles!

"I made sure to fill the large bathtubs with water from the ice pond. Remember to soak in it, Grandma and Grandpa."

"Grandpa, you need to recover quickly!"

Lilly gave a series of instructions.

Bettany could not help but feel a sense of sadness, knowing that Lilly was going out once again.

"I'll take note of that... When will you be leaving, Lilly?"

Lilly replied, "Tonight... but don't worry, Grandma, I promise I'll be back."



She wanted to assure her grandmother that she would return soon, but she could not make a definite promise.

Lilly did not want to leave home either. She longed to relax on the soft sofa every day after school, watching Baby Bus.

However, she did not have a choice!

She was not an ordinary child; she was a child that came from the Palace of the Ruler of Hell.

Lilly went back to her room.

Josh entered and started talking about the incident about the head earlier that day. Blake walked in as he continued speaking.

Just as Blake entered, Anthony and Lisa also joined them, followed by Drake and Zachary...

Lilly was taken aback, asking, "Why is everyone here?"

It felt as though they were seeing her off on a long journey, and everyone was concerned.

Drake remembered the floating head and said, "I have something to tell you."

It was not that they could not bear to see her leaving...

Lilly said, "Go ahead, Drake."

Josh immediately responded, "Oh, I know what you're going to say! We went to the hospital today and saw a floating head."

He told Lilly about how the head followed him and stared at him throughout the day.

Josh added, "I just don't understand why it's following me. Why does it always keep staring at me? There are so many people at school; it doesn't need to target me!"

"It attached to Neo's back, and it was still staring at me..."

Lilly's focus shifted, exclaiming, "Neo? Wow, that's such a lovely name!"

Drake was speechless.

Josh joined in, sharing some gossip, saying, "Haha, actually, that girl's real name is Selen. She wrote a love letter to my brother using the name Neo May. It must be a pseudonym... Then, Drake told her that

she shouldn't fall in love. Instead, she should improve her vocabulary."

Lilly was momentarily stunned. Firstly, she did not know about dating at her age.

So, she assumed that one should not fall in love unless one improved their vocabulary.

Eventually, what concerned her more was this, "Can you choose your username? I wanna do it too! My username will be Bing Chilling Destroyer from now on!"

Drake, Josh, Blake, Anthony, Lisa, and Zachary were perplexed.

How did Lilly know such names at such a young age?

Everyone turned to Josh, wondering what he had taught her.

Josh was speechless. He certainly did not teach her that!

He simply explained their meanings and artistic connotations. Occasionally, he would mention a line or two of poetry to enhance his sister's understanding of vocabulary. Who would have thought that she would not memorize those poems but instead combine them into a weird username?

Josh refused to take the blame for this!

However, Lilly clarified things before he had a chance to speak, looking puzzled as she asked, "Why is everyone looking at Josh like that? Josh didn't suggest that name to me. I read it in my mom's novel, and the characters in it have names like that."

Everyone was speechless.

Well, that makes sense.

Josh added, "I almost forgot why I came here. I was about to ask how we can capture that head."

Lilly was about to embark on her journey to the underworld, which meant they had to deal with the ghost themselves.

Josh did not want to rely on his younger sister for everything. She had her matters to attend to. As an older brother, he had to keep pace with her and become stronger as soon as possible!

### [Chapter 836 Meet Me at the Woods After School](#)

As Lilly listened to her brother's explanation, she commented, "So it must be a woeful ghost... but why did a head suddenly appear in the hospital?"

Despite her frequent visits to the hospital, she had never encountered a headless ghost there.

Blake responded, "It happened earlier in the morning. Last night, someone left a human head in a plastic bag on the train, and it was discovered by the railway patrol in the morning."

"It seems that the head somehow ended up on the train tracks. The case is still under investigation, and there are no leads yet."

The investigation team was working on the case, but with dozens of trains and tens of thousands of people boarding it, it was challenging to determine who brought the body onto the train.

Josh asked in confusion, "Don't they have security checks on trains?"

Blake replied, "That's the strange part. None of the security checkpoints detected anyone bringing a corpse onto the train."

Josh was at a loss, saying, "So it's a foreign ghost. That makes it even more strange... Foreign ghosts shouldn't be following me!"

"Now, how do I catch..."

He contemplated using a frying pan to hit it directly, as it had worked effectively at the hospital before. If one strike did not do the trick, he could deliver a few more. At worst, he could close his eyes and pretend he was sashing watermelons.

However, the head was now attached to Neo's body, and if he were to strike it with a frying pan... there would be a loud bang, and Neo would likely end up with a concussion.

Trying to grab it with bare hands was out of the question since he could not touch ghosts.

He was unsure of what to do.

Josh now fully understood why his uncle had insisted on becoming a practitioner instead of pursuing a leadership role...

Lilly, understanding the situation, pulled out a stack of talismans.

"Josh, if you see that head again tomorrow, just stick one of these talismans on her while Neo isn't paying attention!"

"If she tries to run away, spread this one around."

"If she suddenly goes berserk, use this one."

"If she suddenly collapses, use this..."

Lilly had a vast collection of talismans, and Josh, being a top student with a remarkable memory, had memorized them all.

Josh was perplexed, He was not daring enough for that!

Lilly pulled out another stack of talismans and said, "These are talismans for blessings and peace, talismans for capturing ghosts, and talismans for warding off evil spirits..."

"I'm giving you this box, Josh."

"Zachary, you can also have a box."

"Daddy and Mr. Shaw are training, take more of them!!"

Lilly retrieved two large snakeskin bags from the jar of souls.

Anthony's mouth twitched.

Blake looked at the talismans attached to the two snakeskin bags and could not help but think that they were more than just talismans—they were like money!

No, they were even more valuable than money!

"Thank you, Lilly!" Blake expressed his gratitude with a beaming smile.

Anthony was silent.

Eventually, Lilly also stuffed a box into Anthony's arms.

Realizing the immense number of talismans that could be stored in the jar of souls, Anthony could not help but wonder how Lilly had managed to make so many of them and how much time it took her to do so.

He sighed.

"Lilly, take care of yourself when you're away from home," Anthony advised.

Lilly nodded, "I will!"

After discussing family matters, Lilly set off on her journey with her father.

Bettany stood on the balcony and watched the car's silhouette disappear into the night.

It was not until the car's lights were no longer visible that she let out a sigh and went back into her room.

"Lilly, stay safe out there... Grandma will be waiting for you to have dinner," Bettany whispered to herself with a touch of desolation in her voice, in the middle of the night.

Lilly arrived at the entrance of the underworld near the cliff and entered Gray Earth. From that moment onward, time flowed differently, diverging into two directions—one in the underground realm and the other in the human world.

In the human world, the sun slowly emerged from behind the mountains, casting an ink-like hue, shrouded and concealed by layers of dark clouds.

The first thing Josh did was check the weather. It was still cloudy, which made him feel uneasy all of a sudden.

He took out the stack of talismans Lilly gave him and placed them in his school bag.

Then, he put his trusty frying pan in there as well.

After some thought, he also brought a spirit compass—a downgraded version of the ...

He stuffed his school bag with lots of things.

Seeing his brother coming out, Josh slyly added his textbooks to his brother's bag.

Drake was left speechless.

Josh said to himself, trying to boost his spirits, "Today will be a monumental day for my journey to becoming a practitioner!"

Drake wanted to hit him.

Why are you training to be a practitioner instead of being an immortal?

"Let's go!" Josh said, despite his disdain for his younger brother's foolish appearance, Drake still helped him carry his books.

Full of determination, Josh went to school but immediately felt something was amiss. It was as if someone was staring at him from behind.

He quickly turned his head, only to find Selen standing in the corner, head drooping, and eyes even more vacant than the day before, but still staring intently at him.

Josh could not help but shudder in fear.

No, why were so many people staring at him?

In a moment of panic, Josh struck out.

The passing students were all taken aback.

What was happening? Why did he hit someone all of a sudden?

Josh gritted his teeth and said, "I've tolerated you for far too long! Wait for me! Meet me at the woods outside the school at noon!"

If it was not for the rough start to his day at school, he would not have resorted to plastering her with ghost talismans.

He could post them now, but he was not sure if the head would run away after being posted, and if it did, he did not know how he would find it.

He was not as skilled as his sister.

Josh snorted and left.

Drake was utterly speechless. He knew exactly what his brother was thinking, even without looking.

Josh did not post a talisman on the spot. On the surface, it seemed like he was afraid that the ghost with the head would run away and could not be found again.

But in reality, he was afraid that the ghost with the head would run away and then suddenly appear at his bedside in the middle of the night...

### [Chapter 837 Josh's First Ghost Hunt](#)

Josh left, leaving Selen standing there, still dazed and unsure of why she was there.

She returned to the classroom in a daze, where her friend rushed over, excitedly asking, "Neo, Josh asked you to meet him in the woods! Wow! Weren't you just chasing after his brother? Why did he ask you out?"

Selen was puzzled.

Woods? Did Josh mention something about that earlier?

Josh finally waited until after school!

Today, there was no need for him to pick up his sister. He went directly to the woods outside the school.

The sky was overcast, and even though it was noon, the woods felt even more eerie.

Drake crossed his arms and leaned against a tree nearby, observing Josh as he took out a jumble of items with a cold gaze.

He hung a net between two trees.

In his right hand, he held a frying pan, while in his left hand, he had a ritual blade. Five bronze coins hung from his chest.

Oh, and there was a spirit compass placed in front of him.

He even wore a comical hat filled with talismans—just in case someone wanted to peek inside his head.

Drake was at a loss for words. "Is all of this necessary?"

Josh replied confidently, "Why wouldn't it be necessary? This is my first time catching ghosts on my own!"

He was determined to succeed.

He would do it!

After all, he was Lilly's older brother, and he could not let Lilly down!

At that moment, someone came running into the woods.

Josh initially thought it was Selen, but after a closer look, he realized it was Selen's best friend—a girl he did not know.

As it turned out, after learning that Josh had asked Selen to meet him in the woods, Selen's friend could not contain her curiosity and rushed over.

Looking around nervously, she spotted both Josh and Drake present.

Her face lit up, and she approached them, her voice filled with awkwardness as she said, "Drake... um, I like you. Do you like me? Can you be my boyfriend?"

Drake was taken aback for a moment.

The term "BF" had been around for quite some time, but Drake had not immediately realized what it meant. Eventually, it clicked—oh, boyfriend, BF!

What kind of situation was this?

Selen had not shown up, yet her friend had arrived and confessed her feelings to his brother?

Drake still had his arms folded and asked coldly, "What is the next line after 'To be or not to be'?"

The girl was bewildered.

What... what bee?

Josh continued with a cold tone, "You can't even recognize a line from a well-known poem. Is your mind filled with garbage?"

The girl covered her face and ran away in tears, sobbing as she went, "Boo hoo..."

Josh looked at his brother, stunned. He never expected him to be so harsh.

As the cries continued, Josh began to sense that something was amiss.

The cries echoed in the air, growing increasingly eerie.

Suddenly, a black shadow darted past them.

Josh's hair stood on end, and he scanned the surroundings, feeling a sense of unease. His gaze flickered from one spot to another, on high alert.

Drake, on the other hand, narrowed his eyes and remained composed. Although he could not see ghosts like his brother, he had a calm demeanor and keen observation skills.

While he could not see ghosts, he could still see people. If the head was attached to Selen, he would be able to see her. As long as Selen appeared, he could spot her.

"Behind you!" Drake suddenly shouted, breaking the tense silence.

Josh jumped in fright, his hair seemingly reaching for the sky. His hat was pushed up a few centimeters due to the sudden startle.

Swiftly, he spun around and reflexively hurled the ritual blade.

Drake watched in disbelief.

But to his surprise, Selen was beside Josh, silently and with her head bowed. Her feet seemed to be slightly hovering.



Her hair, which had been neatly tied into two small braids, now hung loosely, obscuring her face.

Drake's heart tightened, and he unconsciously straightened up, no longer leaning against the tree. His eyes were fixed on Selen, his nerves were tight.

Then, in a sudden and unexpected motion, Selen lifted her head and flashed a sinister grin, locking eyes with Josh.

"Oh, my God!"

Even though Josh had mentally prepared himself, he was still startled by her appearance.

The ritual blade struck Selen's head, only to fall to the ground with a thud, proving to be ineffective.

Josh's frustration grew as he scolded, "You damn liar, you scammed me out of a hundred dollars!"

Drake remained silent, feeling a mix of amusement and exasperation. He had purchased the ritual blade from a roadside vendor, and now it seemed like a wasted investment.

Selen tilted her head and let out a chilling giggle. The sight of her laughing while crying sent shivers down Josh's spine.

Fully armed and in a defensive stance, Josh warned her, "Don't come any closer!"

Selen continued to grin and uttered words that were completely out of character, "But didn't you ask me to come here? Hehe..."

Josh, with the ability to see the head, found the situation even more bizarre than Drake did.

"Are you going to come out on your own, or do I have to beat you to make you leave her alone?" Josh mustered his courage and finally spoke up, trying to sound tough.

The head laughed in response, its voice carrying a hint of misery. "You want to beat me so I'll leave her alone... but how should I come out? How should I come out?"

Its gaze was fixated on Josh, and everything it said seemed twisted and eerie.

Josh took a deep breath, reminding himself to be brave and face the situation head-on. He needed to figure out what exactly he was dealing with, even if it meant looking at the head directly.

With great effort, Josh forced himself to look at the head...

[Chapter 838 Why Don't You Do It?](#)

The hair on the head was tangled and if observed closely, it appeared to be longer than the ears, which is typically the length of a woman's hair. However, upon closer inspection, the eyebrows, eyes, and nose revealed the features of a man. Josh was taken aback for a moment.

Is this... a man with long hair?

Josh's guess turned out to be right.

Throughout this time, the head remained silent, only staring at him. The words spoken by the head were voiced through Selen's mouth. Josh exclaimed, "You're a man..." He could not quite explain why, but something about the situation felt peculiar. Perhaps it was due to the head being attached to Selen's body. Selen, a young girl, possessed the head of an adult man. The combination was undeniably unusual.

The head continued to gaze at Josh with a blank expression and muttered, "Wait, what am I doing here... I'm searching for my body..." The sudden thought of finding his body crossed his mind, prompting him to lower his gaze to his crotch.

At that moment, Josh sprang into action! With a handful of talismans in his hand, he swiftly moved forward and firmly slapped Selen on the head. He had never used a talisman before, but having seen Lilly do it multiple times, he followed suit. Surprisingly, the talisman adhered to Selen's head!

A glimmer of excitement sparkled in Josh's eyes. It was truly astonishing! These talismans did not contain any adhesive and felt dry to the touch, yet they stuck effortlessly after being applied like this...

Surprisingly, the talisman stuck to the head without any explanation. Josh could not find the reason behind it. However, pondering this question ignited a growing sense of courage within him.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Josh mustered his hidden composure and inquired, "Who are you? Where do you come from? And how did you die?"

Drake, standing nearby, raised an eyebrow, puzzled by Josh's question. When Lilly posed those same questions, they sounded profound, but coming from his younger brother, they seemed more like a child imitating an adult.

To his astonishment, the head began to chatter and swiftly lunged toward Josh! Caught off guard, Josh had already placed talismans on the head, so how could it still move?

Upon closer examination, he exclaimed, "I used the wrong talisman!" Unknowingly, he had affixed an evil-repelling talisman meant for warding off malevolent spirits onto Selen's head. As a result, the head emerged from Selen's body and lunged directly at him!

Panicking, Josh attempted to mimic his younger sister's elegant and skillful talisman application, but his actions became clumsy and uncoordinated. In his haste, the head managed to fall onto his head.

Ultimately, a bunch of talismans ended up hidden under Josh's hat, while the head was flung away.

"Whoosh!"

The head soared through the air, heading straight for Drake's head. Unaware of the approaching head, Drake could not see it. However, when he noticed Josh charging toward him, wielding a frying pan, he instinctively understood that the ghost must be targeting him.

At that moment, Drake no longer cared about his image.

He ran for his life.

"Bang!"

Josh's frying pan struck the tree where Drake had been leaning against a moment ago.

Drake's expression spoke volumes... How audacious of Josh to attempt to strike his brother.

If Drake had not run swiftly, he would have been the one suffering from a concussion right now!

Angrily, Drake retorted, "Can't you see where you're swinging that thing?"

Josh pursued the head, shouting, "I knew you'd run!"

Drake responded with a silent nod. Yes, this was undoubtedly his real brother!

Josh locked his gaze on the head. It dawned on him that he had been just one step away from being courageous, from taking the initiative to attack. In moments of inaction, he was often frightened by ghosts. But when he seized the initiative to strike, the fear seemed to dissipate.

"Stop! Don't run!" Josh yelled.

The head seemed slightly out of breath. It could not take hold of Josh's body because Josh had talismans all over himself. Why would it stay there? It needed to escape!

The head made a desperate dash, but suddenly, the maze enchantment surrounding them lit up, and Josh's spirit compass on the ground began to radiate a bright light. Simultaneously, a disheveled net hanging from a tree blocked the head's path, preventing its escape.

The woods instantly transformed into a confining cage.

Josh wore a satisfied smile and remarked, "Ha... you underestimated me!"

He would not have dared to act so boldly if he hadn't been fully prepared. At this moment, several drafts slipped out of Josh's schoolbag.

Curiosity piqued, Drake examined them and discovered that they depicted a small forest on the paper, with the area meticulously measured, geometric shapes and 3D models sketched out, and the bottom densely filled with formulas.

It seemed that every possible route had been calculated. For each specific position where the head might try to escape, the probability of it taking direction A and the corresponding talisman to be used, or the probability of it escaping through direction B and the appropriate talisman to be applied... it was all calculated.

This was not merely metaphysics for capturing ghosts; it was statistical analysis for capturing ghosts!

Meanwhile, Josh was darting through the woods in pursuit of severed heads!

On the other side, Selen had regained consciousness. She gazed around in a daze and for the first time noticed Drake, who happened to be nearby.

Perhaps due to her recent awakening, her body felt weak, and she suddenly felt lightheaded. Her legs gave way, causing her to stumble and fall directly toward Drake...

Drake cast a glance at her, his expression...

After carefully analyzing the situation, Drake took two firm steps back.

With a loud thud, Selen landed on the ground precisely, without even brushing against the corner of Drake's clothes. However, she had lost consciousness and no longer had any awareness.

During his busy activities, Josh clicked his tongue and remarked, "You're so cold-hearted. Can't you just help her up?"

Drake retorted, "Why don't you do it?"

"Bang!"

Josh swung the frying pan forcefully, striking the head.

He exclaimed with excitement, "I did it!"

The head followed a parabolic trajectory, flying toward Drake with uncanny precision.

At that moment, Drake witnessed the horrifying sight!

A head covered in blood!

Its face was mangled and bloody, with two lifeless, fish-like eyeballs staring directly at him. Everything was grotesque!

Drake was stunned.

### [Chapter 839 He Had Elegance, but Just a Little](#)

Once again, Josh shattered his fleeting elegance.

He fled, with the human head in hot pursuit, and behind them, Josh chased after him with his frying pan.

Gritting his teeth, Josh seized the nearby net hanging from a tree and viciously threw it at the head trailing behind him. He then threw himself to the ground, rolling around before rising heroically.

Glancing back, Josh saw that the head had been ensnared by the net. This net was Josh's invention, imitating Lilly's spirit net. It proved highly effective in capturing the ghostly head.

However, unlike Lilly's spirit net, which automatically restrained ghosts, this makeshift net lacked such capabilities. The ghost head struggled fiercely, attempting to break free from the net.

Acting swiftly, Josh grabbed a handful of talismans and hurled them at the head.

"Whoosh!"

Green flames erupted, instantly reducing the ghost head to an unrecognizable state, causing it to scream in agony.

Taking advantage of the moment, Josh swiftly collected the scattered talismans from the ground, grabbing a handful and throwing them without distinguishing between their specific purposes. His primary objective was to destroy the head.

Fortunately, among the talismans were two matching ones, while the remaining seven or eight were peace blessings, evil spirit talismans, and others. Even if they had fallen and gathered some dust, they could still be used.

The ghost head was restrained. Lilly's talismans were incredibly useful, leaving the ghost head on the verge of "dying", trapped in the net and twitching sporadically, akin to a lifeless fish.

Josh let out a sigh of relief, finally allowing himself a few deep breaths to calm down.

"Are you willing to tell me now? Who are you? How did you die? Where are you from..." Josh demanded, locking eyes with the ghost head, which remained motionless.

He exclaimed, "Hey? You're not going to speak? I still have more talismans!"

With an air of confidence, Josh swiftly attached a truth talisman to the head.

I have to admit, it feels pretty cool to stick a talisman like this!

The ghost head stirred, almost on the verge of vomiting blood. It was not that it could not speak, but rather that it had been beaten so severely that it lacked the energy to do so.

However, as memories started flooding back, it began to recall whose head it was.

"My name is Hex Haywire, and I'm from Motostoke..." the head whispered to itself. "That's right, I'm Hex Haywire!"

Finally, it remembered!

The head grew excited, feeling a sense of "enlightenment"!

"I'm from Motostoke. I used to work near a kindergarten..."

"Next to that kindergarten was a small company..."

Once the memories resurfaced, the head couldn't stop talking, its mouth crackling with speech.

"I really like young children..." The ghost head smacked its lips and continued, "Especially the good-looking little boys."

Josh was shocked, "Huh? Wait, so you've been following me? Isn't my brother handsome? Why don't you follow him instead?"

In matters like this, he would readily admit that his brother was more attractive than him.

The ghost head replied, "Well, he is handsome..."

As it spoke, the head struggled and rolled, its gaze fixed on Josh. "But unfortunately, he's a bit older."

It preferred younger children, and the ones at the kindergarten were the best.

Josh stood half a head taller than his brother, appearing more mature and stable, occasionally resembling an adult...

He liked charming kids.

Josh did not on other aspects; he simply found it unsettling.

Liking children?

Could it be that he works near the kindergarten, where he observed them daily, had sparked this affection?

But something about it felt off, raising doubts in Josh's mind.

The head, still adorned with the truth talisman, continued speaking, "The kindergarten in question is a small private one, the type opened by an individual and recruits staff from the local community."

Typically, standardized private kindergartens affiliated with educational organizations had proper management systems, hiring teachers with relevant qualifications.

However, there are also numerous private kindergartens with varying standards, often lacking proper regulation. The caliber of teachers recruited by such kindergartens remains a mystery.

"But I find these kindergartens appealing. The teachers they hire are more open-minded," confessed the head.

Needless to say, dealing with people like them was relatively straightforward.

As long as the money was provided, certain demands could be met.

"I knew one particular teacher, a woman in her thirties or forties. She previously worked as a nanny before joining the kindergarten as a teacher."

Of course, she lacked the qualification certificate for preschool teaching and had not even graduated from a relevant institution.

But with money in hand, she was willing to cater to his desires and fulfill certain requests.

"I don't like little girls, but I'm drawn to..."

Before the human-headed ghost could finish his sentence, Josh swung the frying pan down forcefully, emitting a resounding thud!

Josh was consumed by anger, his entire body trembling. He already knew what the ghost was about to reveal without needing to hear it explicitly.

The ghost turned out to be a pedophile!

[Chapter 840 Why Is the World So Unfair?](#)

The head hovered on the verge of oblivion, on the brink of dissipating completely, but it was struck with the frying pan once again.

Silence enveloped the surroundings for a long moment.

However, the truth talisman remained firmly attached to the head. As long as even a trace of lingering resentment remained, it compelled the head to continue divulging its dark secrets.

"I asked that woman to help me take the photos. Each photo cost a dollar," it confessed.

Naturally, the price would increase if the scope of the request expanded.

Every day, without fail, he would spend one or two hundred dollars purchasing photos from that woman.

But gradually, he was no longer satisfied.

"One day, I encountered a young boy from my neighborhood who had just returned home from school..."

"I knew him well. I had been observing him for quite some time. His parents were always occupied, and on certain days, they would drop him off at the community gate before rushing off to work overtime."

On that particular day, the little boy walked home alone, holding two buns.

Hex guessed that those two buns would serve as his dinner for the night.

There was no one else in his family—no grandparents or relatives who could pick him up. If there were, surely they would have been there for him.

"So, I gathered my courage and approached him," the head continued.

"Children are easily swayed. I told him I was his neighbor, expressing concern about his busy parents. How could it be alright for him to have buns for dinner? I invited him to my house for dinner, promising that I had Ultraman there..."

In this way, the child was lured away.

Of course, the child was not spared.

"I didn't kill him in the end," the head claimed. A tinge of regret seeped into its voice, "I merely threatened him, warning him not to tell anything to his parents. I made it clear that if he did, I would subject him to the same treatment next time."



Josh tightened his grip on the frying pan, and once again smacked it with a resounding impact.

This time, the ghost head let out a puff of air, unable to maintain its form, and dispersed into a cloud of black mist.

"Even if he didn't tell his parents, you would have treated him the same way next time!"

This is madness!

If it happened once, it would happen again, there were no signs of stopping.

The head ghost remained silent for a moment, then spoke with a bitter tone, "I should have killed him..."

When the boy returned home, his mother noticed something amiss that night.

He believed that since the child's parents were so preoccupied and neglectful, as long as the child remained silent, the adults would remain unaware of what happened.

But the boy's parents discovered the truth regardless.

That night, the boy's father beat him up mercilessly!

"So, the boy's father killed you? How did you manage to board the train? Did you board before or after your death? And how did you pass through security checks?" Josh continued to ask.

However, it was a pity that the pan had been struck too forcefully, and the ghost with the head had been completely obliterated, transforming into a wisp of black gas that dissipated into thin air.

Josh was momentarily speechless...

I hit him too hard!

Well, with this information, simply informing his uncle would be enough to uncover the identity of the murderer and unravel the circumstances of the incident.

Josh could not help but feel that Hex's death was somewhat deserved, but unfortunately, the boy's father would now face charges of murder because of this.

Perhaps the father had been tirelessly working all along, simply striving to provide a better environment for his child.

But it had ended up like this...

Josh was stunned, his heart overwhelmed with indescribable complexity. As a result of exerting too

much force earlier, his legs gave way, causing him to collapse to the ground.

In that tense moment, fatigue had taken over Josh.

At this very instant, a wave of empathy washed over Josh as he understood Lilly's emotions and the difficulties she faced in capturing ghosts every time.

Josh's hands trembled uncontrollably, causing the frying pan to slip from his grip and fall to the ground.

Silently, Drake reached for Josh's schoolbag, collecting the scattered nets and carefully folding them before placing them inside the bag.

He gathered the other items strewn about, moving slowly, giving Josh enough time to rest.

However, despite his efforts, Josh's hands were still trembling.

Drake furrowed his brow upon seeing this, remembered something, and swiftly retrieved a water bottle from his schoolbag.

"Have a drink," Drake said, unscrewing the cap.

It was the water from the ice pond that their sister had given him.

Though stored in a bathtub, somehow it felt purer than any filtered or sterilized water in the world.

Having witnessed Lilly drinking it, Josh could not resist sneaking a taste for himself.

To his surprise, a single sip of the water dispelled the weariness of an all-nighter, infusing him with boundless energy.

Even stranger was the sensation of inexhaustible strength coursing through his body, urging him to run for miles.

With trembling hands, Josh grabbed the water and poured it down his throat...

Beyond the woods...

Alban was in a hurry. After seeing his sister off and setting up cartoons for her, he felt a sense of urgency to leave.

Despite knowing his sister would obediently watch the cartoons without wandering around, he could not help but worry.

A dark aura enveloped Alban's arm, prompting him to halt as he reached the outskirts of the woods.

He knew he had to address the dark aura on his arm; otherwise, it might have repercussions when he returned to his sister.

From his backpack, Alban retrieved a small jade bottle.

The bottle contained an unknown, crystal-clear water—an invaluable substance.

Stepping into the woods, away from the main path, Alban carefully unscrewed the jade bottle and poured out a single drop of water...

If Lilly were present, she would instantly recognize this water as no ordinary liquid—it was the water from the ice pond!

However, the water in Alban's possession differed slightly from the one in Lilly's ice pond. While Lilly's water remained pure, Alban's version was diluted.

Nevertheless, this water held immense value for Alban. To preserve the dark power locked within the cold pool water, he had even invested a significant sum in the jade bottle, specifically crafted to hold the precious liquid.

Suddenly, a peculiar sensation washed over Alban. He detected the presence of a ghostly aura in the woods, but just as swiftly, it inexplicably vanished.

Perplexed, Alban pondered for a moment before cautiously edging closer...

What he witnessed next left him astounded!

Drake and Josh were in the woods.

At that moment, Josh sat motionless on the ground, clutching a bottle of water and gulping it down.

Familiar energies wafted through the air, and the potency of the cold pool water even caused Alban to sense its dark power.

An ordinary plastic bottle of mineral water containing water from the ice pond?

And Josh consumed it so casually, gulping it down...

Doesn't he realize what a waste that was?!

In a fleeting moment, Alban's gaze grew icy, and a surge of anger and resentment welled up within him.

His water could compare to Josh's, neither in quality nor in quantity.

Alban had gone through the trouble of crafting a jade bottle, treating his precious water with utmost care, as if cradling a newborn.

And what did Josh do? He nonchalantly filled a simple plastic bottle with the water!

Alban was unwilling to consume more than a small sip at a time, cherishing every drop...

Meanwhile, Josh treated it as if it were ordinary tap water, guzzling it down without a second thought...

Why is the world so unfair?